

Daily Eagle

H. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

And So Jerry Simpson Failed.

Jerry Simpson signally failed in the Sioux Falls Fusion convention to make good his prophecy, or to redeem his pledge to deliver the Pop into the hands of the Democratic party. Jerry seems to have been a greater success when he depended upon an exhibit of his bare shins than when displaying his supposed brains. Here in Kansas, more especially here in the Seventh district, not a few of the Middle-of-the-Roaders and practically all of such Pops as were originally Republicans, have been not a little uneasy fearing Jerry would succeed in his well understood desire to make of Fusion an amalgamation by delivering up his party, or making it over entire to the big end of the co-partnership. Simpson's amendment to refer the nomination of a vice president to a committee empowered to confer with a like committee of the Kansas City Democratic national convention was defeated two to one, or by a vote of 492 to 262. The national Fusion convention went wild over the result of the vote, as it was plain that having nominated the Democrats' proposed candidate, Mr. Bryan, for the head of the ticket, the permitting of the national Democratic convention to fill the other place would in effect wipe out the only remaining line of distinction left the Fusion wing of the Pop party. However, Jerry is no doubt right in his prognostication, and it is only a question of time when every Populist who is not of Middle-of-the-Road stamp will be recognized and be, in fact, a Democrat.

Dolliver of Iowa, Long of Kansas.

Congressman Dolliver of Iowa, although comparatively a young man, has a national reputation as an orator. He is also a thinker, a statesman of ideas. The Topeka Capital says that according to the Washington correspondent of the Globe-Democrat the two speeches in the national house considered the most effective for campaign literature during this year's presidential contest were made by western men. "One is by Dolliver of Iowa, and the other by Long of Kansas. The subject in both cases is the Porto Rican government and revenue bill." The Republican congressional committee will circulate them by the million. This news is gratifying to Mr. Long's Kansas friends. He has in his second congressional term fully justified the promise of his first term, when he attracted the early attention of the Republican leaders and made a record that was a source of pride to the state. The Seventh district this year should return Long by an increased majority.

Strikes Back at Stryker.

Our Populist friends are not above suspecting each other. One Pop will not hang many chances on his faith in partisan integrity. If you want to see printed instances of distrust, and hear open expressions of doubt, misgivings, suspicion and jealousy, go to a Populist convention, where everybody is sure to be smelling a rat or sticking in a demurrer. The party was born of incredulity and distrust. How the chairman of the Sioux Falls convention did everlastingly denounce the old parties for want of honesty, and then in the next hour swallow the head of one of the said recalcitrants. Bill Stryker accuses Clemens of selling out to the Republicans. That was to be expected. But the unexpected transpires when Clemens turns about and accuses Stryker, having accused Clemens of being in the pay of Mark Hanna and other plutocrats in engineering his new Socialistic wing to the Pop party, Clemens strikes back. As the Kansas City Journal says, this has been the favorite charge or argument of Populists from the beginning. When they couldn't think of anything else to hurl at an adversary they charged him with being a hireling of plutocrats. If Clemens establishes the libelous character of this charge the Populist orators and editors will be undone and they might as well go out of business.

Decadence of Mr. Towne.

Who is Towne? This young man from Minnesota is not a Populist, though nominated by the Pop convention at Sioux Falls for vice president. He is not a Democrat, though the Pops expect the Democrats to name him with Bryan as the Democratic ticket at Kansas City. Until 1896 he was a Republican. He was in full accord with the Republican party on all questions except the coinage question, and was a delegate to the St. Louis convention and bolted. Six years after the Pop revolt against the Republican party for its alleged monopolistic tendencies Mr. Towne was still a Republican. He is a protectionist and was elected to congress as a protest against the passage of the Wilson bill. Baldwin, his opponent, was one of two Democrats elected to congress in 1892 from Minnesota. Towne beat him 5,557, but Halvers, the Pop candidate, polled 6,475 votes against 3,975 the Pop vote in 1892. In that campaign he antagonized upon the stump the Pop vagaries in unmeasured terms. He drew from the Democrats while the Pop vote almost doubled. He betrayed the Republican party in 1896 and was nominated because he was a renegade Republican, for congress. He posed in the campaign as a Republican on all questions except the silver question. He appealed to Republicans because he was, as he contended, a Republican, for votes to return himself to congress. His district in 1892 showed an adverse Republican majority of more than 4,000. He had the reputation of being an eloquent and persuasive campaigner. Page Morris, his opponent, had no great reputation in this respect. Towne's power had waned. He was beaten. He was angered by this defeat. While at heart a protectionist and a Republican, his attitude is that of love to hatred turned. Though belonging to, and the head of, the party whose only issue is silver at 16 to 1, he has subordinated this problem in a letter recently published: "I have not the slightest hesitancy in saying that all other questions (15 to 1 among them) must remain subordinate to this great problem of how to save the government of our fathers from its present betrayal at the hands of the present day leaders of the Republican party." His nomination was dictated by Bryan and the Kansas City convention is now advised what to do. The eastern and southern Democrats will, however, feel constrained to puncture Mr. Towne's aspirations. He will withdraw in the hope of a job under Bryan.

A Pretty Dear Whistle.

It has often been asserted by the American newspapers that sympathize with the sturdy Boers no less than with the famishing of India, that if England had taken the money which the South African invasion is costing she

could relieve the destitution of her Indian subjects, even if the Boers had been left free. What the war is costing is probably only known to the officials of Great Britain. However, to say nothing of what it is costing the Boers, it is stated in London that the war has cost England about \$114,000,000 so far. As the British operations were on a relatively small scale for the first two months, it is evident that the increase in the expense of the struggle will be enormous from this time on. If the United Kingdom can end the business with a total war bill of less than \$300,000,000 it will be surprising to many good judges of the situation in South Africa.

"To Have and to Hold" Brings Wealth.

Miss Johnston, the author of the wonderfully successful romance "To Have and to Hold," has won both fortune and fame, for the book has broken all records of rapid sales in American publications. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has heretofore held the record in this respect. Within two months after it was published, Mrs. Stowe's novel had been sold to the number of 100,000, but it took a year to sell twice that number. The 200,000 mark was passed by "To Have and to Hold" a few days ago, just ten weeks after its first appearance, accomplishing in that short time what Mrs. Stowe's famous book did in a year. Miss Johnston's first story, "Prisoners of Hope," is now in its fifty-fifth thousand. The Bookman for May reports that her tale of the fair Englishwoman who had such thrilling adventures in a strange land is the best selling book out of thirty-four towns appearing in its monthly report of best selling books.

A Royal Prohibitionist.

Emperor Menelik has given such grave offense to the French people that his reception at Paris is likely to be an exceedingly trying one in the event of his going to Europe to see the international exhibition, relates the Marquis De Fontenay in the Washington Post. He has announced that he is so appalled by the disastrous and degenerating effects of alcohol upon the French people that he has forbidden the importation of this form of liquid refreshment into Abyssinia under the most drastic and even terrible penalties. He has further announced his intention of shortly extending the prohibition of alcohol to all spirituous liquors, and that he is resolved to keep the "curse of intemperance" out of Abyssinia, in which respect he is showing a wisdom worthy of his much-discussed descent from Solomon, the most sagacious of all the kings of Israel, and from the king's distinguished visitor, the Queen of Sheba.

American Women in English Life.

Lady Jeune, writing of American women in English life, for the Saturday Evening Post, in which she generalizes the complaints of extravagance and luxury made in Europe against the millionaire heiresses from America, observes that the American woman, however, has never really become acclimated in her conjugal capacity here; she is beautiful, charming, affectionate, a good wife and good mother, tolerant of our prejudices and broad-minded as to our opinions, but she is always an American, and about her own home is the subtle atmosphere of her American antecedents; and her influence is strong and unmistakable. The American woman in England—that is to say, the woman who has "Americanized" our life—belongs generally to one set in society, one that is considered the smartest, because its members have nearly all large fortunes which they spend with great lavishness and generosity, and so give a tone to the society in which they live.

Japan Hates and Fears the Russian.

Judge Thomas Canty of Minnesota, one of the prominent jurists in the northwest, who has just returned from an extended tour in the Philippines, where he went on an important commercial mission for the state, tells of a novel and exciting experience in Japan, says the New York Commercial. Although Judge Canty did not travel incognito, he was mistaken for a Russian spy and was placed under arrest in the city of Madji. The judge went ashore from the ship which had borne him safely into the harbor at Madji, and while strolling in a park he was seized by a bary representative of the Mikado, hustled into a "hurry-up" and taken off to prison. He pleaded not guilty and demanded a change of venue to the steamer, where he could prove his identity. Instead, he was walked over the territory he had traversed, late at night, and turned loose.

First President, First Governor.

The president appointed Sanford B. Dole, the first president of the republic of Hawaii, the first governor of the territory of Hawaii. This was a fitting recognition of the distinguished services of Mr. Dole and shows that the administration was anxious to do him justice in every sense. It was said some time ago that Mr. Dole would not receive this honor, that arrangements had been made to give the governorship to another man who was opposed to his general policy. The president has knocked this story on the head by appointing Mr. Dole to the position he has earned. As long as Hawaii is a territory he should be kept in this office, if he lives. When Hawaii becomes a state, the voters of the islands may be relied upon to send him to the United States senate.

The Populists at Sioux Falls put the financial question first in their platform. But finances will not be the dominant issue in the campaign. Expansion and non-expansion will be the fight. The people, not the convention politicians, make issues.

James Weaver of Iowa says: "The century past has produced but three great civil names—Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and William J. Bryan." It must have been a strain on Weaver not to have made it four and got in himself.

The nomination of Bryan and Towne at Kansas City would be proof that the Democrats were a subordinate party to the Populists. Watch the Democrats not nominate Towne.

The Sioux Falls Populist platform does not pledge the Populists to support Populists for office. Some regard this omission as the most significant thing in the platform.

Bryan didn't want a candidate for vice president nominated at Sioux Falls. But the convention broke loose from the managers and nominated a man.

The wheat condition of Kansas, May 1, was 107. That is the record. Kansas, take her all around, is the greatest state in the union.

Barker and Donnelly are now on the track. People before crossing the track should take a long look up and down the road.

The Populists who think that the spirit of Populism is dominant in the Democratic party should hang their heads out to dry.

The only time the public is really pleased with a president is when it comes out differently from what they expected.

There is a "bad but glorious day" booked for Barker and Donnelly next November. Debs will beat 'em out of sight.

Towne, it is said, has expressed his willingness to withdraw in case the Democrats kick him at Kansas City.

The Populists at Sioux Falls call the Philippine war "murder" on the part of the United States.

It now remains to be seen whether the Democrats of the country will come to Towne.

If you do not want labor strikes about Grover Cleveland again president.

In Her Arms Once More.

"Come on the shore, auntie. The tide is rising in, and there are such big waves." Constance Maynard put down her sunshade and looked out over the glittering ocean then at the rosy, sunburnt face of her little 6-year-old nephew. Of all Margaret's children Laddie was her favorite; but her seat was "exceedingly comfortable" and the shingles very rough, so she temporized.

"Wait a little and the water will come to us." "Don't like waiting," said the child, disconsolately, repeating what many older and wiser people would say had not the lesson of life taught them its uselessness.

"And I would not go near the break-water."

He had planted his elbows firmly on her lap, his blue eyes were fixed wistfully on her face, and she could never resist Laddie long. So, after repeated promises she let him, and sat dreamily watching him with the faint hope that he would not spoil his garments and get her into disgrace with nurse. The little fellow's words kept repeating themselves in her ears: "I don't like waiting. No one like it, she thought, and for years her life seemed to have been all waiting—waiting."

She was nearly 30 years of age, this pretty creature whose fair, glowing face spoke of perfect health, whose soft eyes had a pathetic expression in them, as of one who had suffered. It was long since she had quitted for the last time with Rupert Laddie, and he had gone away—so long that everyone seemed to have forgotten him but herself, and Margaret had been quite angry when she had refused several offers of marriage and declared her intention of remaining "auntie" to the children for the rest of her days. Poor Margaret! How grieved she had been when Rupert, the disastrous mistake of thinking that Tom cared for her—Tom, who had been her kind, cheery brother-in-law for many years. Laddie was very like him. She must not forget the little lad, and perhaps she had better go to him, though the shingle was rough, for while his intentions were good, his memory was extraordinary.

Rising leisurely she glanced over to where the breakwater ran out into the sea, a picturesque object at low water, covered with green seaweed and tiny shells. Little of it was to be seen this fine summer afternoon, for the tide was flowing in deep and strong, but as she looked her eyes dilated with horror. There, on the slippery side of the breakwater, where it was so terribly deep, what happened next she hardly knew, but she remembered shivering for help, and feeling far over the slimy edge, making frantic snatches at the struggling child; then a man dived in, and Laddie, gasping and dripping, was once more in her arms.

"Oh, we can never thank you enough," she panted as she hugged the young scamp. "But the man made no answer; his hands were on the boy and another's on his head, and she saw that the boy seemed strangely familiar. Surely she had known that massive silver ring in the past. Glancing up hurriedly she saw the face, older and more worn, but still the handsome, never forgotten face of Rupert Laddie. For a moment she was too petrified to speak; sea and shore seemed swirling together in a daze of confusion. "I don't like waiting," Laddie had said, but she had waited so long that she had given up all hope that he would ever discover his mistake and return—and now he stood before her. "Come, you here," he said at length, with ill-suppressed emotion. "Have I saved your child?"

"Yes—no, Rupert," she answered hurriedly. "It is Tom's Margaret." "And you, Constance, you?" "I am 'auntie,' and a fine dance this boy leads me," she attempted to say, bravely.

"Let us get out of this crowd," she said in the abrupt old way that she knew so well, as he apprehensively surveyed the rapidly increasing gathering, which seemed inclined to cheer him. "I will carry Laddie."

Perhaps neither had any distinct idea of what they had said as they went up the shore homeward, but she was the more composed of the two, for she had known the truth all along, while to him it had come suddenly, was overwhelming. "You are not changed," he said later, as they stood by the gate in the gloaming. "It is I with whom the years have dealt hardly. I who have been a reckless fool and had to suffer for my folly. But I have put no one in your place. I have kept your image in my heart. It is through Tom's boy that we have met again, and you loved me once, Constance."

"Once," she breathed softly, "once." The moon was shining over the quiet water, casting long, pale lights into the room where Laddie lay in the peaceful sleep of childhood; lights began to appear one by one in the houses along the sea front; very softly on the crescent moon came the ripple of the waves along the shore, the faint odor of seaweed and tar, but still they lingered on by the gate, these two who had waited so long, who had silently kept the faith in the broken, and after long years had met again.

Identification.

(From the Detroit Free Press.) There are not many men who are better known in Detroit than Detective Pat O'Neil. He has two boys of whom he is justly proud. The other day he was walking with his two sons and, meeting several friends, he stopped to talk with them. The boys were dressed in exactly the same way, and to the outsider they looked as near alike as two grains of wheat in a bunch.

"Are they twins, Pat?" asked one of the friends.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. O'Neil.

"Hardly," Mr. O'Neil said. "I don't see how you tell them apart," ventured another of the friends.

"Oh, that's easy," said Pat. "This one is 5 and the other is 6 years old."

"No, Pat," exclaimed the latter of the two boys, "he's 5 and I'm 6."

Heartless Man.

(From the Catholic Standard.) "Dear," said the young man, "I don't want you to go into mourning for me when I am gone."

"Oh, George," she sobbed. "Don't be so hard on me."

"Hard? My love, I simply want you to be happy. You are yet young. Why should you deck yourself with widow's weeds?"

"It's mean of you, George. You know black is so becoming to me."

Perfect Accord.

(From the Washington Star.) "My wife and I agree perfectly about some things," remarked Mr. Meekton, with a gentle smile.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. When anything goes wrong I take it for granted that it is my fault. And Henrietta always thinks so, too."

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The people of Carville have donated \$15 to the India fund.

The Populist platform at Sioux Falls contains a plank for free homes.

Bishop Meadechart dedicated the new Catholic church at Okeene this morning.

The bill which is to make Indian territory the Territory of Jefferson has been printed.

Some boys near Billings recently caught three badgers and seven young cubs.

Charles Christensen of Okeene, who is in the Philippines, is working in the hospital kitchen in his camp.

Jasper Sipes of Oklahoma City is thought of as the only one in the Democratic national committee.

John Hubbard of Carville, who is in Luzon, writes home that he is sleeping on the soft side of a mahogany plank.

A man at Billings recently was fined \$5 for taking a lady's umbrella.

Is there no liberty at all in this land?

Jim Kelly of Mangum was in Enid Thursday as a delegate from Greer county.

He has acquired a southern accent.

In one Oklahoma township a farmer's wife has taken the initiative and is soliciting for corn for the starving people of India.

It is becoming a general custom in Oklahoma to conclude a term in a country school with a party given in compliment to the teacher.

When free homes at last came up, Uncle Joe Cannon wasn't so hard against it, because he thought it was in the end of another bill.

Indirectly free homes will benefit Oklahoma as much as it does the Strip. But Flynn will not make as big gains in old Oklahoma as the Strip.

The question now is: "Will the convention which nominates a delegate to congress endorse Barnes' administration?" Governor Barnes will not ask it.

In the Indian territory arrests for gambling are frequent and almost invariably the arrested men are colored men. Of course, the white men do not gamble.

Ralph Harvey of El Reno, who was Western Union messenger two and a half years ago, and for the last year has been assistant operator, is now manager.

"Farmer Don Smith" dropped into the News office Wednesday, "wrote the Oklahoma editor. "A full description of the cyclone will be found in the next column."

Henry Kelly, special assessor for the Kiowa and Comanche Indian reservation, says that he has been among all the Indians and that they are not starving.

It develops that the Jenkins men were of the opinion that McNeal's defeat at Enid would have put him out of the race for governor next year and helped Jenkins.

Joe McNeal was put on the slate at Enid with the agreement that if the men behind the slate supported McNeal they would vote against any endorsement of the Barnes administration.

Arkansas City Traveler: A farmer named Miller, who lives five miles east of Newkirk, was in the city this morning looking for his son. The son is between 20 and 25 years of age, and is deformed. It seems that last week the young man took one of his father's horses, hitched it to a buggy, and left home. He has been traced to Winfield, but before reaching that place had disappeared, in some way, of the horse and buggy. He bought a bicycle of one of the dealers in Winfield and gave in payment for the bicycle a mortgage on the horse and buggy. He then rode the wheel to this city and sold it to one of the second-hand dealers on South Summit street, receiving for it \$7.00. Since that time the boy has not been seen. The father went to Winfield from this city, thinking perhaps the young man had returned to his home. He desires to catch him, and if he does will send him to an asylum. It seems that the young man is subject to attacks of this kind and his father says he will trade for anything.

Along the Kansas Nile.

There is some talk of John P. St. John for the fusion nominee for congress in the Second district.

The Lawrence World doesn't believe John Hay a sufficiently strong American to be secretary of state.

Joe Munger, after the cyclone in Barton county last Sunday, found pieces of his wagon three miles apart.

In the Great Bend cyclone one family escaped by going down in the well. They found safety, if not truth, there.

Inspiring bomb exhortation from the role of the "Reds" and "Whites" and "Sisters," and "Push! Push! Push!"

The Court of Visitation never did anything, and according to the supreme court didn't even have a right to do that.

Masson S. Peters of Kansas City says he is not a candidate for the fusion nomination for congress in the Second district.

The Atchison Globe thinks that the debt of children to their parents is a duty that must be paid.

Governor Leavelle says the trouble with the fusion situation in the Seventh district is that each fellow thinks the other is stubborn.

A party of four eastern newspaper men are soon to arrive in Kansas to write the state up. They are visiting all the western states.

All the Democratic politicians of Kansas, thousands of the Populist politicians, and nearly all the Republican politicians of Kansas will attend the Kansas City national conventions.

Up in Ellsworth county, last Sunday, there were five cyclones, and they revolved so close to one another that a man who had washed a circus tent wrote it out simply by running it in between a couple.

"I would like to know," declared a man on the street yesterday, "if the implement manufacturers should bring a case before the United States supreme court asking that farmers be prohibited from banding together and buying one threshing machine for a whole neighborhood. If the court wouldn't decide that the farmers had formed a combination in the restriction of trade."

"I want you to pay up that \$2 subscription you owe me," said the Kansas editor to a letter carrier. The letter carrier said: "I don't owe you anything. Now, don't get hot. You have three chickens there, haven't you? Well, they're worth about 75 cents. Now, I will give you \$2 for those three chickens." "I'll do it," said the editor, "but why are you buying the chickens just to pay your subscription?" "It is an idea," said the carrier. "I borrowed from the Sultan of Turkey."

The Dodge Republican gives some interesting details of the cyclone that hit there last Sunday. It says: "About 10 o'clock Sunday afternoon there was visible from this city a light cloud, having the appearance of a bank of dirt, backed up the bottom, and faded away, and trailing towards the west. This cloud was about two miles distant. Its appearance attracted the attention of many citizens who sought elevated positions for clear or partial observation. J. G. Brooker, of Jetmore, was in town Wednesday. He said a cyclone 100 feet in diameter formed northeast of Mr. Fogie's, over the county line, and went northward across Hodgeman, east of Jetmore. It destroyed seven farm houses, many barns, windmills, fences, orchards, etc. It pressed the bottom out of a large circular water tank standing on the ground without moving the tank. In one house it destroyed all the clothing from three rooms. The clothing was found scattered together a mile away. The storm occurred at 8 p. m. Sunday. There was very little rain and the people were enabled to see and seek cover for safety. Only one person, a boy, was hurt."

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